

The Steak Place

The Fall

Head down
Head down
Head, head, head down.

Fool of the Commonwealth drove down there,
Down turnpike;
Desperate for food desperate for respite.

The steak place.
The steak place

Cheap carpet lines the way
Aluminium tack door handles
Candelabra lions head
Via butchers display too.

The steak place
The steak place

Via a carcass row
Things are brought forward and eaten,
I see the corners filled with hitmen,
Two young lawyers they are whispering, in

The steak place
The steak place

I want to stay here,
I don't want to go anywhere,
I could remain here,

Head down
Head down
Head down
Head, head, head down
The steak place
The steak place

I'd stop the automation,
I'd sit behind dusty lace,
I have a word with hitmen,
I give off a beatific face.

The steak place
The steak place
From New York City run screaming,
Into New England states,
Combined a man not should have to do this,
A man should not use his fist in

The steak place.
The steak place.

I want to stay here,
I don't want to go anywhere,
I shall remain here.
Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz